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Richard Weaver's Conversion

(*'Christian Herald,' London.*)

Richard Weaver, the celebrated English Evangelist, who died about a year ago, was born in Shropshire, at the village of Asterley, nine miles from Shrewsbury, on June 25, 1827. His father and mother were about as ill-matched a man and woman as could possibly be—the former being a reckless profligate, and the latter a sincere and devoted Christian. Referring to his early days, Richard Weaver once said: 'I could tell some sad tales of sorrow that I witnessed when quite a child. Many a time I have clung to my mother, and cried to my drunken father, "Don't kill my mother!" Yes; I think, as I write this, of the days of my childhood, when the praying mother has been down on her knees asking God to help her in her distress. My eldest brother was always kind to her. The Lord reward him! But we others were a burden to her night and day. She told her Father in heaven all her sorrows and our sins.' It was from her lips that Richard learned the first hymn he ever knew:

'Happy the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well;
Who shuns the sinner's path, and
fears
The road that leads to hell.'

'How her face beamed with joy,' says he, 'when she took me to a friend's house and put me to stand on a chair to say that hymn. The soft kiss from her lips on my cheek, and a short prayer breathed to God, "The Lord bless my boy!" I shall never forget.'



RICHARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

The still, small voice of God, uttered in the tones of that loving mother often touched Richard's heart, even during the thoughtless days of childhood and youth.

On one of these boyish days, while working in the coal-pit, something roused his anger, and he uttered an oath. It was his first oath, and the wickedness of it so shocked him that he dropped on his knees at the end of the waggon and prayed for pardon, promising that, if spared till manhood, he would serve the Lord. Instead of turning from his evil ways then and there he only promised future amendment, and allowed the temptations that surrounded him to drive away all the good impressions he had



AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT IN PALESTINE.

'The Arabs pitch their tents as the wants of their flocks require. Twenty or thirty long, black tents, open in front, and sloping

down at the back, are set up close together, each containing two apartments; one for the women and children, and the other for the men.'—Dr. Geikie.

received. As he grew up, drinking and fighting, balls and dances became his favorite amusements. At this time he was saved from a fearful death. Standing at the mouth of a pit, his foot slipped, and he fell over. As he slipped down, he instinctively clutched the rails of the tramway over the pit, and there he hung with a hundred yards of empty air beneath him. He truly says, 'If I had fallen, I must have been dashed in pieces, and my soul have gone to hell.' But his cries brought a man to his rescue, and he was saved. Yet, though he had cried out in terror in that moment of anguish, the merciful escape produced no lasting impression. He passed night after night at the ale-house, where his joviality and gifts as a singer made him a welcome guest.

One scene Richard probably never recalled without feelings of the deepest remorse. He had been spending a night of drunken carousal at a public-house, where he quarrelled with one of his mates, with whom he soon came to blows. Bruised and bleeding, Richard reached home as the day was breaking. As he approached the cottage, the first sound that fell upon his ears was the voice of his loving mother tenderly interceding with God

on his behalf. This hurt him more than the blows he had received in the fight, and found its way to his heart. As soon as the knock was heard, the poor woman ran to the door, and beheld, with feelings which no language can describe, his disfigured and sodden face. When she had given him a chair, and washed away the dirt and blood, and ministered to him as he needed, she knelt down and prayed again that God would save her boy, and pleaded with the lad himself that 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

But while she prayed, the lad cursed, swearing that he would murder her if she did not leave off praying and preaching to him. He went up to bed, but the mother's love constrained her to follow him; and, kneeling down by his bedside, again she besought her heavenly Father on his behalf. But her reprobate son, in a rage, sprang out of bed, and, grasping her grey hair, shook her while on her knees. She took hold of his arm with trembling hands and said, 'This is hard work, Lord, to nurse and watch our children till they begin to be men, and

then to hear them say they will murder us if we ask thee to save them. But, though thou slay me, yet will I trust thee.' And then, turning to her son, 'I will never give thee up.' Though her conduct towards him was ever consistent with her prayers, on another occasion he smote her to the ground.

Having removed to Staffordshire, he became, if possible, more abandoned than he had ever been before. After one of the terrible drinking bouts in which he now indulged, he had frightful dreams of the infernal pit, and devils saying to him, 'Thou art too bad to live; thy character is blasted, thy home deserted, thy constitution broken, and everyone frowns upon thee. Put an end to thy life.' With maddened brain and burning brow, he rushed upstairs determined to destroy himself. He took the razor from his box and untied his neckerchief, then tried to chalk upon the floor some message to his landlady. While sharpening the instrument of death, a voice came to him, 'Remember that old woman that cried in her prayers, "Lord, save my lad." "What will she say?" he thought, "when she hears of my sending my soul into eternity before its time?" Casting his razor aside he ran downstairs and told his landlady what he had been tempted to do. She threw up her hands in fear, and, though not a godly woman, exclaimed, 'The Lord have mercy on thee.' He began to wring his hands and curse the day when he was born; but she said, 'Lord bless thee, lad; thank God thou'rt alive. There's hope for thee yet.'

Though thus saved from self-destruction, he continued his evil courses, notwithstanding the rebukes of conscience and the strivings of the Spirit, until, in order to drown painful thoughts and memories, he went to Congleton, four miles from Bidulph, where he then lived, and got drunk.

As he returned home hell seemed to open before him, and such words as these kept sounding in his ears, 'Who shall dwell with everlasting burnings?' Every step he took he prayed for mercy, and promised that, if spared till morning, he would decide for God. It must not be forgotten that all this time his mother was pouring out her soul in prayer on his behalf.

The next morning, when his drunkenness had died out of him, Richard, still in fear of hell, went out into a field, and crept into a sand-hole, where no eye could see him but the eye of God, and there, praying to his Father in secret, he told him all his sorrows, confessed all his iniquities, cried to be delivered, trusted in the blood of Christ, and was made free.

He was to have fought with a man that day, but he began the day with a more terrible adversary. 'In that sand-hole,' he says, 'I had a battle with the devil. Christ and Satan fought it, and Christ gained the victory, and I came off more than conqueror through him that loved me.'

The joy of his old mother on hearing of his conversion knew of no bounds. The news was so good that it seemed to her too good to be true, and the tempter whispered doubts in her ear. But God said, 'Be not faithless, but believe. The child is made whole.' This was in 1852.

Richard, then twenty-five, forthwith began to testify to others of the Saviour he had found, nor was it long before God used him. One night while at work, taking off his cap he fell on his knees and prayed. A collier in a neighboring stall heard him groaning, as he thought, and ran to see if anything had fallen on him, but found him asking the Lord to bless his fellow-workmen. Weaver went on in his prayer, unconscious of any one being near, and, on looking up, was surprised to see his comrade weeping at his side. 'I wish,' said the poor fellow, 'that I

could say as thou canst, that God has pardoned my sins.' 'The blood of Christ,' said Richard, 'was shed for thee. Only believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' Still weeping, the man cried, 'Lord, save me'; and before he returned to his work, the load was gone, and he rejoiced in a present salvation.

For six months Richard held on his way, though greatly persecuted; but one day some of the men, in his presence, grossly insulted a Christian young woman, a friend of his. His blood was up in a moment; and, striking out with both his fists, according to ancient custom, he fiercely avenged her of her chief assailant, and would have seriously injured him, had not some of the bystanders stayed his arm.

This was the beginning of sorrows. For several months he returned to his old courses with more abandonment than ever. During this sad period of backsliding, he wandered off into Lancashire, where he suffered dreadful remorse and self-accusation.

About this time he was sparring one night in a boxing-saloon with a black man; and, striking a tremendous blow, the blood streamed down the negro's face. At that moment the Holy Ghost reminded him that 'God giveth to all life and breath and all things, and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth . . . for the same Lord is rich unto all that call upon him; for whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' He went home to his lodgings, fell upon his knees, confessed with bitter tears his backsliding, and was graciously received by the loving Father he had forsaken.

His subsequent career as a popular evangelist, since 1856, has been marked by manifold labors and extraordinary usefulness. Addressing with great power vast crowds in different parts of the country on the simple truths of the gospel, he has been the means of leading thousands of degraded men and women into 'the way everlasting.'

The Pastoral Work of a Sunday School Teacher.

I wonder if Sunday-school teachers sometimes think that, after they have carefully studied the lesson during the week and faithfully taught it to as many as happened to be in the class on Sunday, their duty is done until the next Sunday? I think we sometimes are tempted to feel this way; but there is another important branch of the work, which supplements the teaching—the pastoral work of the teacher.

Let us consider the work, thinking of the Sunday-school class as a miniature parish and the teacher as the pastor. In most cases the work would not be very arduous, as the classes are comparatively small. It would be similar to that we expect our pastors to carry on in their parishes—visiting its members, especially any who may be ill, becoming acquainted with them, that we may know their needs and be able to help them, keeping a careful watch of the attendance, in many cases being able to improve it by a call or note. As a summing up of the whole, let us use all means that we may become well acquainted with our scholars, win their confidence, and make them truly feel that we are their friend.

If we would only make our motto, not how little may we do and still not have our conscience condemn us, but how much may we do for our Master, then would our lives indeed be fruitful.

I have known some teachers who have done much of this pastoral work. One has

been accustomed to write a note to each member of her class who was absent, telling her that she was missed; and as I at one time received one of the notes, I know it was helpful. If a scholar really feels that he is missed, I believe he will make a great effort to be present. I heard this same teacher say that when she was away from home one summer, she kept a whole class together those weeks by writing a letter to be read at the class each Sunday.

A remark that I hear quite frequently from one of our teachers is this: 'My girls will do anything for me.' I feel sure that that teacher has done more than to sit with her class and teach them once a week for an hour.

When quite young I had a beautiful lady for a teacher, who did a great deal for her class. She invited us to her house often, formed a circle of King's Daughters of us, and I am certain that we all felt that we could give her our entire confidence. As a result of her work, the class was one of the most successful in the school.

I knew another teacher who had charge of the primary department of a Sunday-school to which many very poor children belonged. She took almost the entire charge of clothing many of them, and provided much of their food also.

One little girl, who was ill from lack of proper food, lived at her home for several weeks until she was strong and well.

As her class was very large she was kept very busy, but I never saw her unhappy.

Mr. Jackson, the evangelist, speaks of an incident which happened in his own church when he was a pastor in Brooklyn. One stormy night a lady called at his study, and asked if he knew that just around the corner was a family in such destitute circumstances that they had neither fire nor food. He immediately went to their relief, and found little children and a drunken husband. He inquired if the children were not in some Sunday-school, and the mother replied that Johnny had been, but he dropped out because his shoes wore out. Where was Johnny's teacher? Didn't she miss him, and hunt him up? Much suffering might have been saved if she had.

I believe we do need this kind of work in every Sunday-school, not only for the good we may accomplish there, but for the reflex action upon ourselves, for you know that the more we do for any one, the more we love that person.

I heard a gentleman, speaking of a certain line of work, in which he hoped a society would become interested, say that even if it didn't accomplish all that had been planned, the good it would do the society itself could not be estimated.

Let us pursue this line of work, if for no other reason than that we may grow to love our scholars more and be willing to be true friends to them.—Mrs. Ethel M. Driver, in 'Superintendent and Teacher.'

Five Arab Maxims.

Never tell all you know; for he who tells all he knows often tells more than he knows.

Never attempt all you can do; for he who attempts everything he can do often attempts more than he can do.

Never believe all you may hear; for he who believes all he may hear, often believes more than he hears.

Never lay out all you can afford; for he who lays out everything he can afford often lays out more than he can afford.

Never decide upon all you may see; for he who decides upon all he sees often decides on more than he sees.

BOYS AND GIRLS

'Drink Like a Man.'

Young Potts was exceedingly ambitious. The fire of ambition literally blazed in his young breast. But it was not for honor or riches. He had no taste for these. No, he was ambitious to be a man. And, therefore, as might be expected, he spent all his time, and thoughts and money, in trying to be like a man.

Now, so long as he indulged only in twirling a German-silver-headed cane, or in uttering innocent expressions, popularly supposed to be manly, or in resenting his sister's attempts to treat him as a lad, his ambition did nobody any harm. But, unfortunately, he went to greater lengths than these, and adopted expedients not so innocent.

For instance, it was a pity he should endure such agony in learning to smoke. It wasn't worth it at all. But, you see, if you would be like a man, you must—so his com-

quently into the public-house. He went there, it is perhaps needless to say, to 'drink like a man.'

Behold young Potts, with his glass held aloft before him, in all the glories of his manhood. A boy! a stripling! a lad! Nonsense. No doubt he looks like it, no doubt his age might confirm the opinion. But don't you see that he is 'drinking like a man?' Let that settle the matter once and for ever.

Poor Potts! Poor silly young Potts! What shall I say to you? How shall I make you stand on your two feet, and set your poor, cracked head straight? You're drinking 'like a man,' are you?

Why, you've taken the wrong turning. You will never reach manliness this way. You are going away from it, rather than to it. The fact of the matter is, you've got into the same road as that red-faced, pimply-nosed, dilapidated-looking man in the corner

away. Don't 'drink like a man,' young Potts. Do think of your 'inward man,' and your eternal future.—Rev. Charles Courtenay, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

Barbara's Gift.

(By Mary E. Brush.)

Mrs. Sparks looked down at her apron and smoothed it complacently. It was a very nice one, to be sure—barred muslin, with a broad Hamburg ruffle. It was spotlessly white, too, and beautifully ironed. Nevertheless, it was not the dainty garment which caused the glow of satisfaction on Mrs. Sparks's rosy face. The truth was, she had just been talking about her daughters.

'Yes,' she continued, addressing her visitor, a bright-eyed, pleasant-faced elderly lady. 'Yes, I must say that for a woman, who was left with four little girls and nothing to bring 'em up with but a house an' lot, an' the mortgage not all paid off, I do think I've done pretty well. But I worked an' planned an' saved—nobody knows how much!—an' now I've got 'em all young women grown an' able to take care of themselves. There's Clorindy, the eldest, she's a first-class dressmaker, as everybody knows. And Maria's a master hand at making bunnits. Why, here in a fit of rapture Mrs. Sparks fell to rocking vigorously, 'there is Mis' Judge Robbins, who always used to get her hats done at the city, payin' twenty dollars for 'em, sometimes, she says Maria "has perfect taste"; 'them was her very words.'

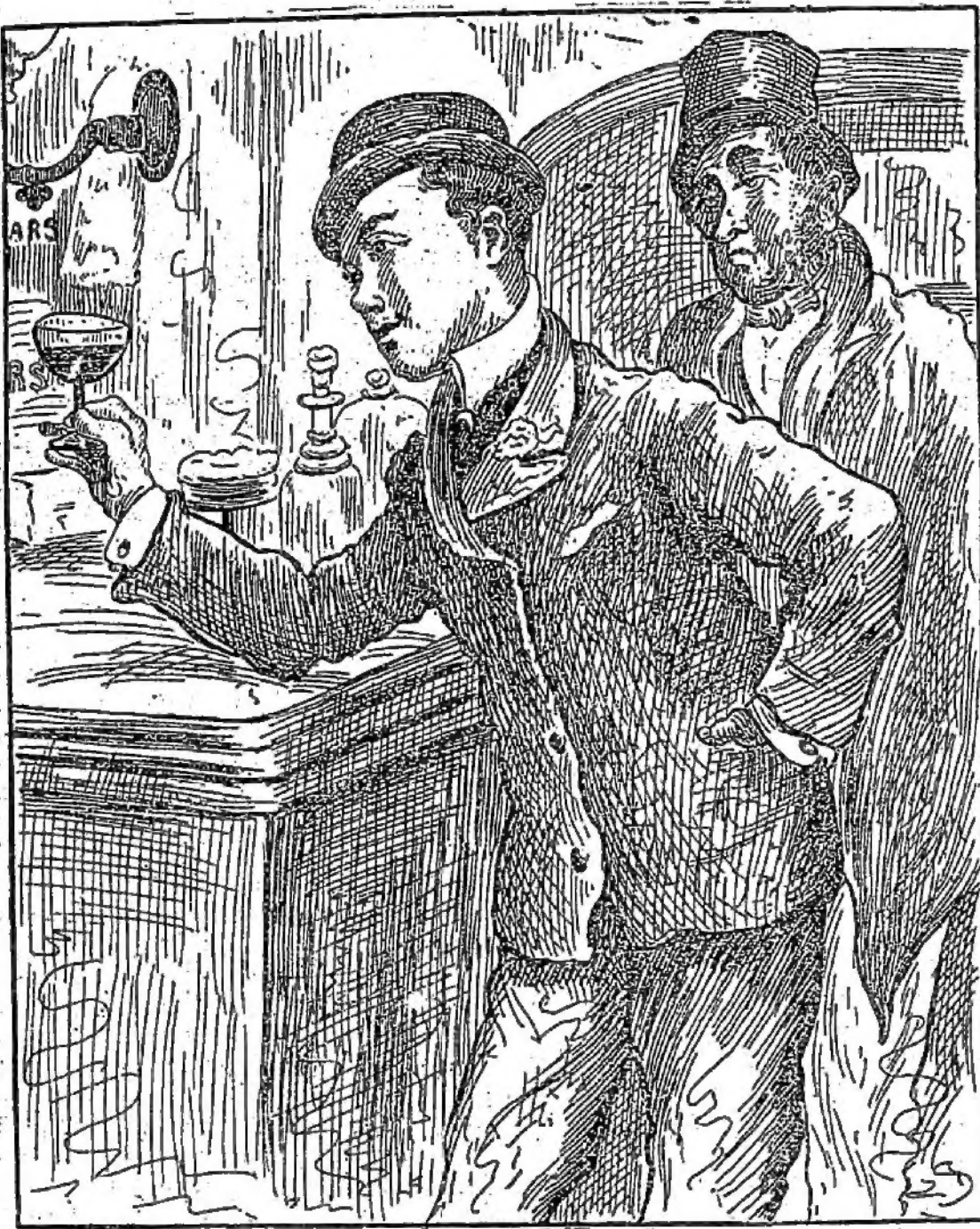
'And then there's Georgy, she was always the smartest of the lot. And many's the time when she was a little tot, that her poppy said to me, "Betsy, that child's got a wonderful brain!" An' he was right, too! But she was the most delicate of them all, though, an' sometimes I thought I sh'd never raise her. My! the bowls of herb tea that she's drunk! An' she's as strong as any of 'em now, 'nless it's Barbary. But as I was sayin' Georgy took to her books, an' so I give her an education, an' then she taught school till she married the doctor. She lives in style now, an' though I do say it myself, there ain't a better nor completer furnished house in town than hers.'

'And Barbara?' said Miss Mayberry inquiringly, as she stooped to rescue her ball of knitting yarn from the claws of the maltese kitten, who was frolicking about the piazza.

Mrs. Sparks's face grew overcast.

'Barbary,' she said hesitatingly, 'well, she is a good child, I must say that; but somehow, she don't have no particular knack at anything. Why, I had the hardest work to teach that child to sew! The first thing was to get her down to her task, for she was always running out-doors from the time she could toddle alone. Then she would lose her thimble, break her needle and knot her thread—my patience, what a time I had. Well, she's twenty years old now, and can do plain sewing pretty well, but she'll never earn her living by it! And, as for making bunnits, bless you! she ha'n't no more taste than a cow! An' she don't care a bit for books, 'nless it's them big doctor books with pictures of horrid skeletons an' folks' insides! Her brother-in-law, Georgy's husband, lends 'em to her. He sets a store by Barbary! But I'm clear discouraged over her!'

'But Barbara seems very much thought of in the neighborhood,' Miss Mayberry remarked. 'Since I've been visiting around, I've heard many a one praise her. Mrs. Jones



HE WENT THERE TO DRINK "LIKE A MAN."

panions said—smoke like a man. And so young Potts braved the horrors of first whiffs, 'like a man.'

I wish this had been all, for even this might, perhaps, have been overlooked; but in addition to smoking, he now and then exploded into strong expressions, which, if not positive oaths, were undoubtedly first cousins to them; and I am not quite sure, but I fancy that once or twice I heard the oath itself. I hope it was only a suspicion born of the expectation that he would before long, not only 'smoke like a man,' but 'swear like a man.' But of one thing I am quite sure, that his ambition led him not unfre-

quently into the public-house. He went there, it is perhaps needless to say, to 'drink like a man.'

Behold young Potts, with his glass held aloft before him, in all the glories of his manhood. A boy! a stripling! a lad! Nonsense. No doubt he looks like it, no doubt his age might confirm the opinion. But don't you see that he is 'drinking like a man?' Let that settle the matter once and for ever.

told me that she truly thought that Barbara saved her little Harry's life.

'Well, I reckon she did! You see, he was taken awful sudden with the croup. They sent over for me, but I wasn't to home, an' so Barbary went. They said she worked like everything over that child, an' before an hour passed he was a-sweatin' like a harvester, an' with his throat all loosened out. Yes, Barbary is handy in sickness, I would not have you think that I believe her a natural-born fool. Only, she is kinder odd, an' don't seem to have the knack of doin' work like other women.'

The gate-latch clicked, and a young girl came up the walk. She was tall and slender, but her brisk pace and easy carriage suggested robust health. Her complexion was brown, but enlivened by a glow of rich red on the round cheeks. Her mouth, though large displayed clear coral lips, behind which gleamed even white teeth. Her luxuriant, chestnut hair hung in school-girl fashion in one long thick braid down her back. Her plain, dark-blue dress was brightened by a bunch of golden rod fastened in her belt. In her arms she carried a huge bundle of greenery.

'Ben' after simples, Barbary?' her mother called out, in a half-amused, half-vexed tone.

'Yes'm. How do you do, Miss Mayberry? Excuse my not shaking hands, but you see my fingers are all groundy. I found some "gold thread," but as I didn't have any trowel, I had to dig it as best I could.'

'Oh, Barbary! how can you bear to muss yourself so!' sighed Mrs. Sparks.

A cloud stole over Barbara's bright face; but without making any reply, she turned away and went upstairs to the old garret. Here, under the brown, time-stained rafters, festooned with a filmy drapery of cobwebs, she sat down, first opening the large, latticed window, at the end of the long room, so that a gust of air might penetrate the dust-smelling interior. Then, spreading out some papers on the floor, she proceeded to sort her herbs—crisp green spearmint, garnet-stemmed peppermint, pale-hued catnip, pungent pennyroyal, and thoroughwort, with its woolly leaves and white flowers. At last they were all arranged, and the fresh breeze coming in, mingled with the spicy, wholesome fragrance of the piles of 'simples.'

Then, with her firm, round chin resting in the palm of her hand, Barbara settled herself down for a good 'think,' as she termed it. A wrinkle of perplexity gathered on her smooth forehead, and the corners of her red lips had a downward droop. Evidently, her thoughts were not of the most cheerful nature.

But, as she sat there, a light footfall was heard on the garret stairs, and presently Miss Mayberry's gentle face, crowned by its soft, white curls, appeared.

'Well,' said that lady cheerily, as she carefully picked her way across the piles of herbs, and sat down beside Barbara, 'Well, your mother had a caller, and so I thought I would come up and have a little chat with you. I've become somewhat acquainted with all your sisters. Georgia showed me her baby's first tooth, and let me read a chapter of the medical book her doctor-husband is writing. Clorinda allowed me a glimpse of the ivory satin wedding-dress she is making for Miss Lane. And Maria let me examine a lot of new artificials she has just received from the city. Now I come to view your specialty!'

'There isn't any!' Barbara replied, with a rueful smile, 'unless it's those,'—indicating the pile of herbs.

'Well, and why not those, my dear?' said Miss Mayberry, with a brisk little nod that set her white curls bobbing. 'Why shouldn't

you become proficient in the noble science of healing?'

Barbara's face brightened. 'It is what I'd like to do,' she said, 'But it seems as though I ought to become a teacher, a dressmaker, or housekeeper; that is what is expected of a woman, you know.'

'Nonsense! I believe that all a woman has to do is to go ahead and do whatever she deems herself capable of doing. If she succeeds, few men will grumble and many will applaud and admire. Now, I have no girls of my own, but I take an interest in those of others. I have seen that you were unhappy and discontented. I knew that it was not because you were idle or peevish, but simply because you were not in the right groove. Here and there, I have picked up some information concerning you. I have heard how you have saved ailing babies and comforted helpless old people, and it seems to me, my dear, that God has given you a gift, the use of which you should not scorn. Cultivate it diligently, and in course of time, you will not only be happy, but also able to win an honest livelihood. In short, then, Barbara, why not become a nurse?'

Barbara's eyes shone. 'I do like putting among medicines and fussing over sick folks. I thought last night in prayer-meeting, when Mr. Gray talked so about every one of us having a mission, that maybe I might find mine in the sick room. Now it is so nice of you, Miss Mayberry, to speak to me about it. The only person who has given me any encouragement is Georgia's husband, the doctor.'

'And what does he say?'

'Oh, he has invited me to take a course of study with him.'

'The very thing!' Miss Mayberry exclaimed. 'It has always seemed to me that in order to be thoroughly well prepared, a nurse ought to understand anatomy and hygiene.'

'But, what do you suppose mother'll say?'

Miss Mayberry's blue eyes twinkled. 'Don't you remember the story about the hen that sat on some eggs among which was a duck's egg, and how, in course of time, she was much puzzled to find a mysterious young creature among her brood of downy darlings? And how that one odd little thing troubled her—its wobbled feet, broad bill, and, above all, its strange proclivities for swimming! But after her astonishment and anxiety were past, she grew to be more proud of it than of any of her orthodox little chicks. That is the way I think it will be with your mother. She loves you dearly, I know. Her greatest wish is to see you happy and useful. As for myself, it is not my habit to meddle in family matters, but I am so old a friend of your mother's that I think I may venture to speak to her about this.'

'Oh, thank you!' said Barbara, with an enthusiastic hug.

Good Mrs. Sparks was startled and mystified when the new scheme was presented to her. 'Wants to go a-nussin', does she! Well, who would have thought it! It's dretful hard work, what with bein' up nights an' runnin' against smallpox an' all kinds o' fevers. Of course, we ha'n't rich, an' its necessary that she should earn her own livin' somehow; but, land! why can't she learn the dressmaker trade with Clorindy? She could pull out bastin' threads, any how!'

Here Barbara mildly interposed, saying that such employment would be conducive neither to her happiness nor to the replenishing of her purse! She would much rather become a nurse.

'Well,' said her mother reflectively, 'It does seem about the only thing you can do well. Objections, did you say? Well, I dunno as I have any, seein' as you're bent on

it. I'm sure I hope you'll have good luck.'

And Barbara did have good luck—she won it by her own exertions; and to-day, for many miles around her home her fame as a kind, competent nurse, has spread. She is the ideal attendant of many a sick person. Her gowns never 'swish' and rustle; her hand is cool without being clammy, tender without being limp. She steps quickly but not nervously, and her step is always light. She anticipates her patient's wants. She cheers them up when they are gloomy, and she is silent when they are sleepy. And above all, she tries to heal them with that grand medicine—faith in God and Nature!—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Sister Phoebe's Salvage Corps.

(By Elizabeth P. Allan.)

'Dr. R. H. Haywood—Throat and Lungs—No. 61 Cortlant Street.' This was the lady's destination, and she stopped and rang the bell. It was several minutes before nine, and the office-boy who answered the bell asked her in with some remonstrance in his voice and manner, at which the lady smiled. The smile lingered on her pleasant face, as if it had forgotten to take leave, and before the long suffering boy could finish setting his chairs in painful order around the wall the bell rang again. This time it was a pale young lady, who was evidently disturbed at finding any one before her. She approached the first-comer in a nervous, uncertain manner. 'Oh, I hoped so much to be the first,' she said flutteringly; 'if you would only let me go in before you, it agitates me so to wait.'

'I don't believe I can let you do that,' said the first lady, in clear, soft tones, 'but I can promise not to keep the doctor but ten minutes by the clock.'

'Oh, thanks,' sighed the pale young lady resignedly.

Then the doctor threw open his folding-doors, and the young man, quickly disposing of his duster, ushered in the first patient. She declined the seat offered by the doctor, and spoke her errand with admirable clearness and promptness. 'I am not a patient, Dr. Haywood,' she said, 'but come to leave a proposal for your consideration.'

The doctor's brows lowered slightly; this was his time for patients, not proposals; but the lady went on quickly:

'My name is McVeigh, Mrs. Phoebe McVeigh; I am a widow, living with my two married daughters; I am fifty years old, in good health and independent circumstances; I am not needed by my children, and I feel as if I had some years of good work in me. I wish to help somewhere, and I think I have a faculty for nursing the sick. My children will not let me adopt nursing as a profession, but have consented to my offering myself for service in emergencies, when hired nurses cannot be had and help is needed. Of course I would not take any compensation, nor would I undertake any heavy work, such as cleaning or cooking. When not in your hospital ward, I should prefer going into the homes of the poor, when such need nursing. If, however, you sent me among rich people, I should expect them to place in your hands the wages usually paid nurses, to be used for your poor patients. I have had some experience in nursing consumptives—here a faint shadow fell upon her face, as when one holds up a hand between the eyes and the sun—and if you think my plan practicable, I will give you my references, and—'

'Have you any hereditary tendency to lung

house, in the West of England, about two or three miles from the River Severn where it suddenly widens. The Colburns were most hospitable people, and spared no effort to make our visit thoroughly enjoyable. And we did enjoy country life to the full, roaming about and romping with the children, who were the pictures of health, showing the prettiest of roses on their cheeks. Our friends were always planning some pleasure for us. "What is the order of the day?" asked the farmer, at breakfast, one unusually fine morning. "We were thinking," replied one of the younger members of the family, "that a picnic to the Hock would be enjoyable." "Very good — what, says Mrs. Mason?" turning to your aunt, who was a great favorite. "I think it would be simply splendid," she replied with enthusiasm. "Be it so, then," said the farmer; "Dick can drive you in the waggonette. Don't forget the provisions; for the salt air will make you 'nation hungry; and take with you a few bottles of perry; it's in fine condition now, and will go like champagne; not too much if it, though, for it's main strong," and, laughing heartily, he rose from the table, wishing us a pleasant day.

"But, Uncle Joe," I remarked, with surprise, "you are a teetotaler, and would not require anything like champagne."

"I was not one at that time," he replied, sadly. "Had I been, my hair, in all probability, would not be white, even now."

"We started on our picnic early with the intention of having a long day, and before noon arrived at the Hock. Dick, our coachman for the occasion, was the farmer's son, a youth of about sixteen or eighteen years of age. He suggested that we should first of all take a walk to the top of Barrow Hill, returning to luncheon about two o'clock. He proposed to remain behind and see after things. I should here explain that the Hock, a spot much favored by picnic parties, is at the corner of a sharp bend in the Severn, where the river suddenly becomes very wide. It is, moreover, a favorable position for witnessing the 'Severn bore,' a phenomenal tidal wave of great size and force, especially when the spring tides prevail. Round Barrow Hill, which is close at hand, the river winds—taking the shape of a horse-shoe. From the top of the hill you have a magnificent panorama of the beautiful Severn valley, with the Cotswold and Malvern Hills in the far distance, and the wooded hills of Dean forest close at hand. We much enjoyed our walk up the green slopes of the hill, and your aunt was enthusiastic in her delight at the view she beheld for the first time. When we returned Dick had luncheon all ready for us, and with appetites sharpened by our walk, we were more than ready for the lunch. That hearty, merry meal on the beach is never to be forgotten. We drank rather freely of the perry; certainly more so than we should have done had we any idea of its strength. It popped and sparkled, and in its exhilarating effect was not unlike champagne. It is a great mistake for any to suppose that pure cider and perry are not intoxicating. I am quite sure that the perry we had on that occasion was of greater alcoholic strength than strong beer. After luncheon we were all full of fun, ripe for any adventure or game that should turn up first. I think it must have been about three o'clock when two men came ashore in a small boat. "Hallo," exclaimed Dick, "that's Cap'n Williams. I wonder if he would let us have his boat for a row? I will ask him," and no sooner said than done, for just at that moment the captain, having drawn his boat high up on the beach, came towards where we were sitting. "I hardly know what to say about that, young farmer. Do you know how to manage her?" "Oh, yes," was

the confident reply, "I've been in a boat before to-day, and Mr. Mason here is a capital oarsman." "No fear," said I, "I've rowed for miles on the Thames, and been in more than one boat-race." "Very good, young sir," replied the captain somewhat seriously, "but the Thames and the Severn be two very different rivers." While we had been talking Dick had been uncorking a bottle of perry, and pouring out a bumper, all sparkling, offered it to the captain, at the same time uncorking another for his companion. "Take a draught of perry, cap'n," said he, "you'll not find it bad this hot weather." "Thank you, young farmer," he said readily, taking the glass, "I never know'd bad perry come out o' your father's orchards yet. My respects ladies and gentlemen," and they tossed off the bumpers with great relish, speedily finishing their bottles. "Of course," said the captain, "you are welcome to the boat as long as you knows how to manage her. If you'll stop here a minute or two me and my mate will get her afloat again," and they hurried down to where the boat was beached. "I thought the perry would settle the question," laughed Dick, as they departed. In another ten minutes we were in the boat and on the water. "Be careful," said the captain, as he pushed us off, it seemed almost regretfully; "you must get back for sure before the tide comes in, which'll give you about an hour and a half on the water, you'd better keep the middle o' the channel, an' whatever you do look out for the bore, her'll be coming in main strong this afternoon." "What does he mean by the bore?" laughed your aunt. "The tidal wave," I replied, "a curious phenomenon which I should rather like to see." We were a merry party, consisting of myself and Dick, who were rowing, with your aunt and the two children. Our other friends remained at the Hock, there not being room for them in the boat. We must have been longer on the water than we had any idea, but at length turned back floating with the stream. We were about half-way to the Hock when I saw some men on the shore excitedly calling to us, and then hurriedly jumping into a large boat at the waterside. While they were calling there came from down the river a dull rumble, and then a mighty roar, and in another moment we saw the terrible bore rushing towards us, foaming in its fury. It seized our little boat, tossed it up as it would a mere toy, throwing us all into the water. I and Dick were picked up by the boatmen who had seen our danger, in an unconscious state. When I came to myself it was an awakening to the knowledge that my beloved wife and two dear children had perished. Their bodies were recovered just as the tide turned. I cannot tell you how greatly I was shaken by that dreadful calamity, and the agony I suffered, but it was seen the next day that my hair had turned grey, and before long it was as white as you see it now."

Uncle Joe rose from his chair and went to his room, and we did not see him again that day. I know why he told me the story. — "Temperance Record."

'With Him.'

The outside door of one of the county infirmary's buildings stood partly open. Twelve-year-old Letitia had set it ajar. She had crept into the hall to view the outer world to-day. The door behind her, leading from a hall into a ward, was shut, so no draught would strike any ill person. Letitia would have been sorry to have the air do mischief to any patient, or to the poor, year-old, consumptive baby, who sat, white and listless, in his high chair.

It was not every day Letitia could be around. Many days she lay in her cot. Then the doctor said, 'Here's my brave little woman!' in such a way that Letitia knew he cared how much she suffered. The doctor's wife cared, too. She came to the infirmary sometimes. It was the doctor's wife who had told Letitia of the loving Saviour of sin-sick souls, and had led the girl to Christ. Some of the patients felt at times, now, that Letitia was different from what she used to be.

"I don't have a well day very often," thought Letitia now, 'I wish I could do something to-day to help the other patients, for Christ's sake. I can't do much for him.'

Letitia turned. Miss Abby was coming along the hall. Miss Abby was weak-minded, and took great pleasure in a string of buttons. Miss Abby had collected the buttons from friends, and had strung them on a piece of twine. She sat down in the doorway with Letitia now, and immediately called the girl's attention to the button-string. Letitia listened patiently as she heard once again the oft-repeated story as to where each button came from. Miss Abby babbled on infinitely pleased to have so attentive a listener.

"There isn't anybody but you does care to look at my button string real frequent, Letitia," said poor Miss Abby. "I am very particular about this button-string, very particular! If I was in your place, Letitia, soon as ever I could I'd make a button-string. 'Twill be company for you when you're old."

Letitia smiled. Once she would not have listened patiently day after day to poor Miss Abby's babbling about her button-string, but now Letitia was trying for Christ's sake to do what she could for other people.

After a while Miss Abby had talked of all the buttons, and Letitia slowly rose.

"I'm going to look at my sweet peas," said the girl.

Letitia crept slowly down the steps and passed along the bare yard to the corner of the building. The doctor's wife had given Letitia some sweet pea seeds to plant. The last time Letitia had been well enough to go out of doors the sweet peas had sent up green tendrils.

Miss Abby presently heard a faint, joyful cry from the house corner.

"They've blossomed!" cried Letitia. "There are two sweet pea blossoms!"

Miss Abby stopped fingering the button-string, and tried to understand. Letitia came slowly back, her face radiant, the two pink and white sweet pea blossoms in her hand.

"Oh, Miss Abby, they're so sweet!" cried Letitia.

She held the two blossoms toward Miss Abby. Miss Abby looked uncomprehendingly, and fell to running over her button-string again. She did not realize at all what the two beautiful pink and white blossoms were to Letitia. Letitia had already given Miss Abby what she most needed. It was sympathy.

"Nobody but you does care to look at my button-string real frequent, Letitia," repeated poor Miss Abby, gratefully.

"I'm going to show these sweet peas to the other patients in our ward," said Letitia.

She passed slowly through the hall into her ward. The little consumptive baby could hardly smile when Letitia showed him the flowers, he felt so tired to-day.

Letitia went very slowly and softly down the passage-way between the cots. She showed the two sweet peas. Some patients did not look. Others smiled. Others scowled at Letitia. All the patients did not possess pleasant dispositions.

Letitia came to old Mrs. Simmonds.

"I don't know as I've seen a sweet pea for

years,' said old Mrs. Simmonds, who lay in a cot, with a weight on her right foot. 'Mother used to have sweet peas. Mother loved them.'

The old lady's eyes were on Letitia's two flowers, but what Mrs. Simmonds saw was a garden of long ago. It was full of pink and white sweet peas. Over the hard, poverty-marked years of the past there came back to old Mrs. Simmonds the perfume of those flowers. For an instant her eyes grew dim. She was a little girl again in her mother's garden, but Letitia did not know it.

'Thanky, Letitia, for letting me see your posies,' said old Mrs. Simmonds.

Letitia hesitated.

'You may keep one sweet pea,' she said.

'May I?' asked old Mrs. Simmonds. 'You are real good, Letitia.'

The withered, shaking old hands took one flower, and Letitia went on with the other sweet pea, showing it to the patients.

The last woman in the ward pushed Letitia's sweet pea away.

'I don't care for your flower!' said the woman, bitterly. 'I don't care for anything, only to have the daylight last! And it's going fast as it can! It must be three o'clock now. I hate the nights! One lies awake and thinks of all the misery one's ever lived through, and wonder's where one's ever going. You hear a noise and you think maybe someone's dying. Some night somebody does die. The ward is so dim and long and lonesome at night! It seems as if your soul might slip away, and no one would care! I hate the nights!'

'I used to hate the nights, too,' said Letitia. 'I used to lie awake and cry because I hadn't any mother, and I had pain, and I was afraid I was going to die. But I don't do that any more.'

'Are you well enough so you don't lie awake any more, do you mean?' asked the woman. 'You don't look so.'

'No,' answered Letitia. 'To-day's one of my nice days. The doctor doesn't believe I'll ever be well enough so I won't lie awake at night. But I don't hate the nights any more now. The doctor's wife told me a beautiful verse out of the bible. It's about the Lord Jesus, and it says, "Who died for us that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him." So, you see, if I'm awake in the nights, I'm not frightened any more. I just remember that "whether I "wake or sleep," I'm "together with him." You're not lonesome when you think of that.'

'Aren't you?' asked the woman, 'I should think it would frighten you.'

'Why no,' said Letitia, softly. 'He's my Friend. He's forgiven my sins.'

'How do you know?' asked the woman sharply.

'I asked him to,' returned Letitia. 'And the doctor's wife says, if you really mean it when you ask him, Jesus does forgive you.'

The woman did not answer. Letitia was about to pass on, when the woman stretched out her hand.

'Let's see your flower,' she said.

Letitia gave the sweet pea. The woman looked at it.

'Don't you want to keep it?' asked Letitia. 'I've showed it to everybody in this ward.'

'Yes,' said the woman. 'I want it.'

During the following night Letitia lay awake in her cot. The old pain had come back and she could not sleep.

'I don't think I did much good to-day,' she thought. 'I'm glad I had two sweet peas to give away. But that's all! Seems as though I can't do much good on well days, and now, like as not, I shan't have another nice day for a long time.'

But Letitia did not know that old Miss Abby, sore-hearted over the rude rebuffs she

received from others, had fallen asleep that night with her button-string in her hand, murmuring gratefully, 'Anyhow, Letitia likes my button-string! Letitia'll look at my button-string to-morrow!'

Nor did Letitia know that this night one of her sweet peas lay crumpled inside sleeping old Mrs. Simmond's withered hand. Nor did Letitia know that at the other end of the ward, her other sweet pea lay pressed against the cheek of a woman whose wakeful eyes looked on towards night's painful, sleepless hour with dread. Yet there came back to the woman the words of Letitia's text, the words concerning him 'who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him.' A tear rolled down

A Story of Admiral Coligny.

(Dr. Herrick, in 'Friendly Greetings'.)

The great Admiral Coligny, honored soldier and statesman, was once attending with his wife the service of a little Huguenot church near the castle of Chatillon. Just before the communion service the Admiral rose from his seat and said:

'I beseech the congregation not to take offence at my weakness, but to believe me sincere, and pray for me, when I ask the minister to explain the Lord's Supper a little more fully.'

The minister complied with the request, and, when he had concluded, Coligny rose again and said:



COLIGNY'S STATUE IN PARIS.

the woman's cheek and wet the sweet pea. Might she, too, find comfort in Letitia's text? Could there ever be comfort, and not terror, in those words, 'together with him?'

The long, lonely hours went on. To those who suffered and lay awake the night was much as usual. Yet, through the hours, there went up, from this woman in the last cot of the ward, an earnest prayer for forgiveness, and the blessed answer of wonderful peace came back to her soul. Letitia's day had not been in vain.—'Zion's Herald.'

'Permit me, brethren, to return thanks to God for this instruction, and to the pastor who has given it so patiently. God sparing me, I shall seek to receive the communion on the first day hereafter when it is administered in my parish.'

'Why not now?' said the pastor,

'I have not yet made so public a profession of my faith as I ought.'

'You are making it now. Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour and Intercessor for fallen man? Do you

agree with us in the doctrines which the scriptures teach, as far as you know them?"

"Most sincerely I do," said the admiral.

"Then in the name of my Lord and my brethren, I invite you to this table, unless the elders think that our usual rules should be strictly observed."

"By no means let us debar one of the Lord's disciples, for it is his table, and not ours," said a venerable elder. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."

Thus did this nobleman partake of the Lord's Supper, and identify himself with the despised and persecuted Huguenots.

The Journey of a Bundle of Papers.

(By S. Jennie Smith.)

Madge and Kitty sat beside a table on which were spread several illustrated papers. It was a rainy Saturday, and they had not been allowed to go out; so they were looking over these, laying aside what they had read, and finishing the stories in others. First Madge read aloud, then Kitty took her turn, and in that way they managed to spend a very pleasant and profitable morning indoors. Suddenly Kitty looked up and exclaimed:

"Why, there comes Caroline!"

"Sure enough," said Madge. "She'll help us read."

Caroline was a girl who lived next door, and, as she had no sister to play with, she spent a great deal of her time in the society of Madge and Kitty. As soon as she appeared, she was set to work; that is, she helped sort the papers, and read when her turn came. But she joined in heartily, for she thought it was more like sport than labor. During a pause in the reading she asked:

"Where do you get all these?"

"Some from Sunday-school, and some we subscribe for; then Aunt Kate sends us papers very often."

"Yes, you get a great many. I have a few, of course; but you have much more. What do you do with them?"

"After we have finished them, we lay them aside until we have a little bundle, and we used to give them to Jenny Dunn; but she moved away last week, so we gave them to Mrs. Briggs, our washerwoman."

"Does she like them?"

"Oh! I—don't—know," answered Madge, slowly and thoughtfully. "I have sometimes thought they were wasted on her; for washerwomen don't have much time for reading."

"And they can't have much taste, either," added Kitty.

"Of course," continued Madge, "she thanked us very heartily, as if she did care for them; but she'd do that for politeness' sake—don't you think so, Caroline?"

"Certainly she would."

"Then suppose we don't bother about giving them to her any more," suggested Kitty. "I've often thought that it would be real fun to cut the pictures out and save them. We can throw away the parts we don't want."

"All right! let's do it now!" cried Madge. "Where are the scissors?"

"We'll all want a pair," said Caroline, "so I'll run into the house and get mine. Don't cut until I get back, girls."

"All right."

In a few minutes the three of them were bending thoughtfully over the papers, and each held a pair of scissors ready to cut out the pictures that were voted good enough to keep. Caroline was enjoying herself very much, but somehow Madge and Kitty felt slightly uneasy when they at last made a decision about the one that was to come out

first. They knew that their mother approved of the plan of giving the papers to poor persons who had none of their own; she was trying to teach her little girls how blessed it was to be unselfish, and they felt that she would hardly like what they were doing. To be sure the papers belonged to Madge and Kitty, and they could dispose of them as they pleased; but they were always happier when they could win their mother's approval. However, they consoled themselves with the thought that such reading was of no use to Mrs. Briggs, and they were just about to cut into one of the papers, when a voice called out from the next room:

"It is clearing off, children; and I want you to go to the store for sugar and butter."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Madge. Then to the others she said, good-naturedly, "Well, that stops our cutting out for to-day. By the time we come back dinner will be ready, and then we shall be busy getting ready for Sunday."

"It's too bad," said Caroline.

"Oh, I don't care," remarked Kitty; "any time will do for cutting out pictures, and I'm glad it's clearing off, for mamma needs that sugar and butter."

So the papers were laid away carefully on a shelf in the closet, and the little girls started on their errand.

The next morning, in Sunday-school, when the regular weekly papers were being distributed, Miss Bartlett asked her scholars if they ever had any other papers at home besides the ones they received there.

The ladies of the church were anxious to know if the parents of the children had the benefit of religious reading, and each teacher was requested to find out from her scholars.

Madge and Kitty were in Miss Bartlett's class, and they mentioned that they had a great many, and told the names of some of the illustrated papers that came to their home.

"We don't take any ourselves," answered one child, who was not very well dressed; "but last week someone gave Mrs. Briggs that lives by us a lot of awful nice ones, and when she read them she lent them to Mrs. Barker, and Mrs. Barker got through with them and sent them to us, and when we read 'em, Mrs. Crague is to have them, and after that Mrs. Briggs she's going to put them in the hospital box for the sick people to read; and she says we must be careful of 'em, for they mustn't be worn out for the sick folks. Mrs. Briggs says she thinks she'll get a good many more of them papers, and we're real glad, for we like to look at the pictures and read the nice stories. This Sunday-school paper we always git all read up Sunday afternoon."

"I am pleased to hear that somebody gives good reading to Mrs. Briggs," remarked Miss Bartlett, "for she is an intelligent woman, and is fond of such things, but she is not able to buy them for herself. When her husband was alive she had an easier time, but she still has good taste though she does go out washing."

Madge and Kitty had listened in surprise to the story told about their own papers. They looked at each other now, and their eyes said a good deal that nobody could read but themselves. Kitty looked a question at her sister, and was answered by a decided shake of the head. "It would seem so much like bragging to tell we did it," thought Madge, and she sent a warning glance at impulsive little Kitty.

On the way out of Sunday-school the girls were joined by Caroline, and they had a long talk with her as they walked along the road.

"My! wasn't it good that your mother sent us to the store that time?" whispered Caroline,

"Yes," said Madge; "but who would have supposed that our papers took such a journey as that? And the idea of making up our minds that Mrs. Briggs didn't like to read! Mamma always says, 'Don't jump at conclusions.' Why, I wouldn't keep those papers now for anything!"

"No, indeed," added Kitty, as she carefully folded the one she had just received.—S.S. 'Times.'

Correspondence

Ingersoll.

Dear Editor,—I have been much interested in reading the Correspondence in the 'Messenger.' I have never written to the paper before, and as a friend of mine wrote a letter a few weeks ago, I thought I would. I have a little sister sixteen months old. We call her Marjorie. She is away for a holiday just now with mother and my sister Dorothy. Marjorie runs everywhere and tries to talk. We have a nice dog that we call Bep. He is a black and white curly dog. I lived in Toronto for six years, and would like to go back again. I think Toronto is a very pretty city. We moved to Ingersoll about three years ago, after living in Walkerton for two years. Ingersoll is a very pretty town with many trees on the streets, which is a great improvement. There are six churches, two public schools, one high school, a town hall and a number of large stores. The post-office is not very large and is old, so they are going to build a nice new one soon. We have a large Sunday-school in the winter. It is not so large in the summer because of so many being away for their holidays. The church was burned in May, but we are building it again, and hope to be in it soon. We hold our Sunday-school in the back part of the church, which they have built for us. We have no Mission Band in our Sunday-school, but a Junior Christian Endeavor for the children, and a Senior Christian Endeavor for the older ones. The girls in the Junior Christian Endeavor were making a quilt and the boys a scrap-book, but they were both burned when the church was burned. I remain yours truly,

JESSIE.

Milliken.

Dear Editor,—My father takes the 'Witness,' and my brother takes the 'Messenger.' My little cousins, Winnie, Carrie, and Mary, are visiting me; we are having fun; our apples are ripe. My brother Rex has a pet crow; we call it Jack, and I feed it sometimes; it wakes me up in the morning, calling, 'caw, caw, caw.' I have a little black cat, and a chicken, which I call Flossie. It is light brown. We have a dog, which we call Fury; he is cross. We have four cats and a little kitten; we call the little kitten Muff; it is gray and white. We have five horses and one little colt; the horses' names are Fan, Roxie, Prince, Jim, and Victor, and the colt's name is Bess. We have cows, pigs, chickens, and sheep. I remain yours truly,

EVELYN, aged nine.

Park's Creek, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. I have to walk two miles to Sunday-school. I am a member of the Band of Hope, and of the Juvenile Temple. I have one favorite cat. I remain your ten year old friend,

BLUE-BELL.

Milliken.

Dear Editor,—I am out in the country at my Aunt Carrie's. She is the kindest aunty any little girl ever had. I like reading the Correspondence. My little cousin, Evelyn, who is my age, is writing too. My uncle has more apple trees than I can count, and we can have all the apples we want while we are here. My cousins have a tame crow. It was so funny to see him come in and call for his dinner. Yours truly,

CARRIE, aged nine.

Glendon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—A friend of mine gives me the 'Northern Messenger,' and I enjoy reading it very much. I have three brothers and one sister. I go to school nearly every day in the summer. I am in the fourth book. I have no pets except a dog and two cats. There is a river flows past our house, and my brothers often catch fish. Yours truly,

ANNIE, aged thirteen.

A Little Thief.

Children, did you ever see a jackdaw? They are very clever and amusing birds, but they are great thieves. When they see anything that shines or glitters brightly, such as a lady's ring, or a silver teaspoon, or a baby's necklace, they cannot keep from stealing it; they pick it up and carry it away to some hiding-place of their own, such as

key, and pulled out some of her feathers. Of course the turkey did not like this, and with her strong beak she struck the jackdaw, and in a very few minutes killed it outright.

I was very sorry indeed when I found my little pet lying dead; but, still, I felt that it had itself to blame, for it was the one to begin the quarrel. It should not have

A fork or two, a heap of golden rings,
And now this silver spoon, the best of all.

'They say I am a thief, a wicked thief,
The idlest, naughtiest bird beneath the sun,
And that I never show the slightest grief
Whatever evil deeds I may have done!

'Well, well! some folk are just as bad as I:
I know a boy who's nothing but a dunce,
And lots of little girls who're sure to cry
If nurse won't give them all they want at once!

'Yet children go to school each day, and so
They ought to know their duty pretty well;
But I am nothing but a poor Jackdaw,
Who cannot even read, or write, or spell!

'So, friends, don't be so hard on poor old Jack,
Who cannot pass a shining silver spoon;
But now my hiding-hole is quite filled up,
And so I'll have to stop my thieving soon!'
—'The Prize.'

The Musical-Box.

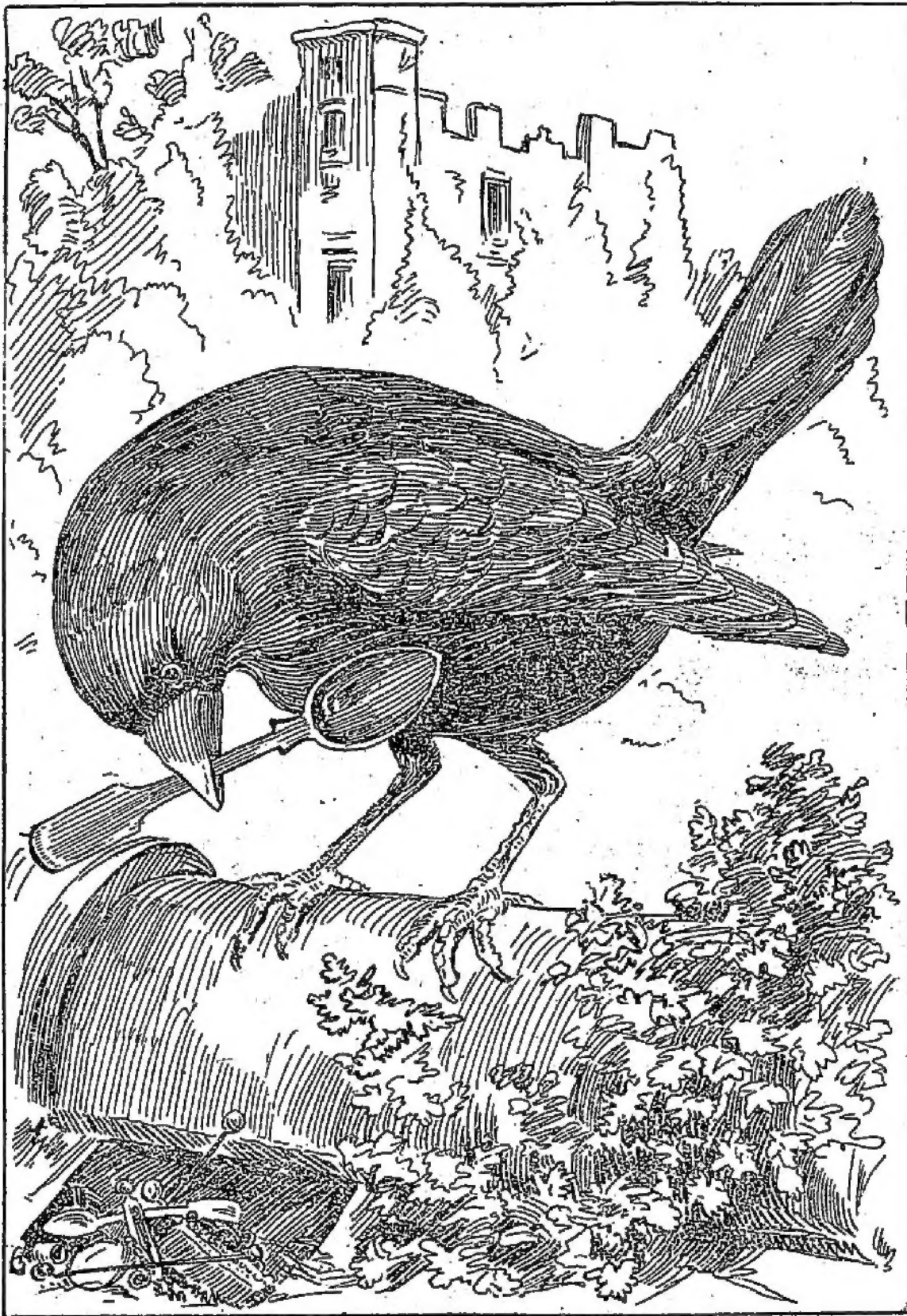
(By Maysie, in 'Child's Own Magazine.')

'Oh, I do wish I had a lot of money!' sighed little Bertie Russell.

'Whatever do you want a lot of money for?' asked his sister Bessie. 'Is it a secret? You can't want any more toys, I'm sure. We've got plenty.'

'No, I don't want anything for myself. I'll tell you, Bessie. You know Johnnie Watson, don't you? —he's been to play with me sometimes.'

'Yes, I know,' nodded Bessie.
'Well, I'm just awfully sorry for him. His big brother says Johnnie got playing with the fire—putting matches in or something—and the fire popped up all of a sudden, and burnt his face and his hair, and they say his eyes are so bad



THE JACKDAW'S HIDING PLACE.

a hollow tree, where they think that no one will ever find it again.

Jackdaws live to a great age. Some people say that they may live and thrive for fifty long years. I once had a jackdaw myself, but it died when it was only two years old. Now, what do you think was the cause of its death? I will tell you. It was kept in the same yard with a large turkey. Now, my little friend the jackdaw did not like the turkey, and, being a brave little thing, it one day attacked the tur-

key, and pulled out some of her feathers. Of course the turkey did not like this, and with her strong beak she struck the jackdaw, and in a very few minutes killed it outright.

But now, children, would you like to know what Master Jackdaw thinks about all these things? Well, read the following verses, and you will see. He has just carried a large spoon to his hiding-place, and he says,—

'I've gathered quite a lot of pretty things—
A lady's jewelled comb, a baby's ball,

Whose Fault Is It?

'Tisn't my fault if Cry-baby-cripsey gets put to bed in the middle of the afternoon!' says Tom, walking round the room, with his hands in his pockets. 'How was I to know that she would get mad if I touched her old dolls?'

Of course anybody knows that such talk as that is all nonsense. I only write so that you can see just how it looks, put down in black and white. I'm ashamed of it, if Tom isn't.

In the afternoon Jamie comes with his face as red as a peony and a cross look on his face that everybody hates to see there. What is it all about anyway?

'Why, mamma, that mean old Tom has been bothering with my rabbits again and plaguing 'em and poking at 'em with a long stick, till one of 'em's hurt in his eye, and I think he's a too bad kind of a brother!'

Mamma soothes him and scolds him and comforts him all at once, and by and by he feels better and forgives Tom, who comes round whistling and wants to know, 'what's the matter.'

'I'll tell you, Tom,' says mamma, by and by, when the little children are gone out of the way and she has a chance at her bigger boy, 'You hector.'

'S'pose I do, mother!' confesses Tom, smiling to think what fun it is sometimes to ruffle up their feathers, as he calls it. 'But it doesn't hurt anybody.'

'You wouldn't mean to hurt, but you do, awfully.'

When mother says 'awfully,' it means 'awfully,' so Tom looks up in surprise.

'The other day I did, I know, but Jamie tripped and got a bump. It wouldn't happen once a year. I'm careful as can be. I only like to see 'em get raving mad about something, and come round ready to tear my hair out!'

'That's the hurt I mean,' said mother, earnestly. 'You're hurting their souls, Tom. "These little mad fits," as you call them, leave scars. The poor little things find it hard to keep sweet when you are around, and all their roses are getting thorns to them. Worst of all, they are learning the trick of hectoring, and try it on their own account. Even little two-year-old

Ally plagues the cat, and pussy is losing all her soft purry temper!'

'Why, I never thought!' said Tom. 'Don't you think it's silly of 'em to mind my having fun with 'em?'

'Silly, or not, they do mind. And that isn't the question, Are you or are you not making it easier to be good where you are? That is the bible test of being a Christian. Think of it, Tom, dear.'—'Little Pilgrim.'

The Lost Piece of Silver.

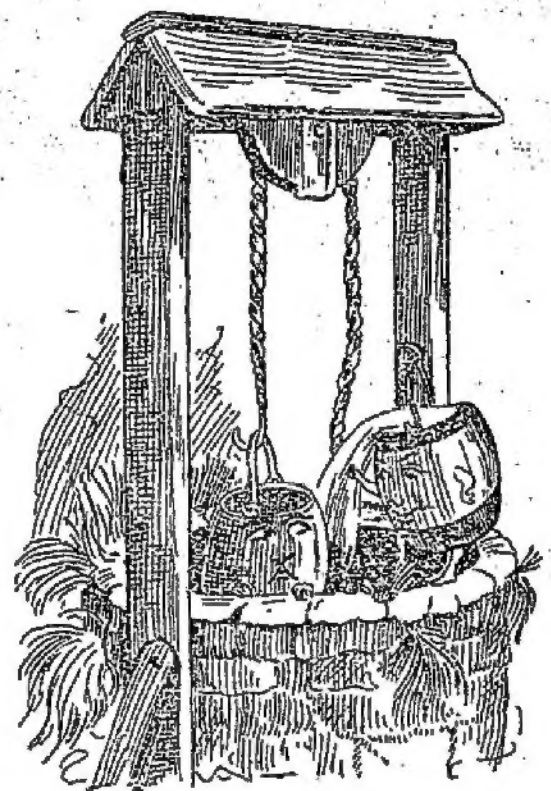
One fine summer's day Mrs. Gill called her little girl, Nellie, to go to the farm and fetch some milk for the tea. 'Here, Nellie,' she said, 'take this can and three-penny piece and go to the farm and get some milk. Be careful not to lose the money; it is rather a small piece.' Nellie asked to be allowed to take her little brother Georgie with her. To this their mother agreed, and off they started. The way to the farm was a pleasant one—a nice, long, shady lane, with hedges on both sides, filled with bright wild flowers. 'Oh, Nellie!' exclaimed Georgie, 'look at those flowers? How nice they are. Let us stop and gather a bunch to bring back to mother.'

Nellie set down the can and was soon busy gathering the sweet flowers. Some time had passed by before she remembered that it was milk her mother had asked her to bring; so, picking up the can they started towards the farm. They had not gone many steps, when Nellie discovered she had lost the piece of silver. 'Oh, Georgie, what shall I do?' exclaimed she; 'I have lost the money,' and she burst into tears. 'Let's go back and look for it,' said Georgie. Back they went, and searched well, but no trace of it could be found. Poor Nellie sobbed louder, and her crying attracted a man who was going home from work. 'What's the matter, my little maid?' he asked. Nellie told him her trouble. 'Oh,' said he, 'you will never find it; you might as well try to find a needle in a bundle of hay as find such a small coin in a place like this. Go home and tell your mother about it.' Nellie felt she could not do this. So, after the man passed out of sight, she said to Georgie, 'Let us ask God about it.' They then knelt down, and Nellie prayed: 'O God, you know everything, and you know where that piece of silver is. Do, please, help us to find it.' God heard and answered that prayer.

Immediately they rose from their knees Nellie's eyes fell on the three-penny piece close beside her. Oh, how she thanked God for his kindness in answering her prayer! Nellie has grown up to be a woman now, and since then has proved God to be a very present help in time of trouble. Georgie, too, has grown, and is a minister of the gospel. Neither of them can say how much this little incident in their childhood days helped to strengthen their faith in God. Dear children, when you are in trouble, remember the promise: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble. I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' (Psa. l., 15.)—London 'Young Soldier.'

A Tale of Two Buckets.

Two buckets in an ancient well got talking once together, And after sundry wise remarks—no doubt about the weather—'Look here,' quoth one—'this life we lead I don't exactly like. Upon my word, I'm half inclined to venture on a strike,



For, do you mind, however full we both come up the well, We go down empty—always shall, for aught that I can tell.'

'That's true,' the other said; 'but, then—the way it looks to me—However empty we go down, we come up full, you see.' Wise little bucket! If we each could look at life that way, Would dwarf its ills and magnify its blessings day by day, The world would be a happier place, since we should all decide. Only the buckets full to count, and let the empty slide.

—'Child's Companion.'



Scientific Temperance Teaching.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan, W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XXXVI.—REVIEW CONTINUED.

1. What poisonous weed have you learned something about?

Tobacco, which is smoked or chewed by great numbers of people.

2. Is it really a poison?

Yes, indeed; a very little will kill a small animal; and it always makes a person who is unused to it very ill.

3. How, then, do people come to enjoy it? The body gradually becomes used to the effects of the tobacco, and ceases to struggle against it.

4. What is there in tobacco that gives pleasure?

It puts the nerves to sleep, so that they do not tell the brain of the disagreeable feelings there may be in some other part of the body; and the stupid brain fancies the body is all right and comfortable.

5. Is not that a good thing?

No, indeed. Pain is intended to warn us of danger, and show us the need to do something to cure the suffering part.

6. What does tobacco do to children?

It stunts their growth, makes them weak, and brings on a great many diseases.

7. How are boys most likely to use tobacco?

Either for smoking or chewing.

8. What harm does it do to chew tobacco? It injures the teeth, uses up the saliva which should be saved for the digestion of the food, and so prevents the food's proper change into pure blood.

9. And what next?

Some of the poisonous juice of the tobacco is sure to be swallowed. Then it irritates the delicate surface of the stomach, often producing sores. It poisons the stomach's precious juices which are necessary to digest the food, and so poisons the blood into which the food is made.

10. And what then?

Then the poison is carried by the blood to all parts of the body, producing disease everywhere.

11. How does smoking injure the body?

The poison of the tobacco is inhaled by the lungs and carried all over the body.

12. What is the worst thing a boy can smoke?

Cigarettes. In them the poison is shut in by the paper covering, and not allowed to escape as much as it does in a cigar. Besides the burning of the paper heats and injures the mouth and throat.

13. What else is there in cigarettes that does harm?

The cigarette is usually made of ends and bits of tobacco; often of partly consumed cigars, filthy and dangerous. And opium is used in them which is full of danger.

14. What do you know of the effects of cigarette smoking?

It often produces insanity, and sometimes death. A great many cases of boys having been killed by cigarettes are known.

15. What is it best to do about tobacco? To let it wholly and always alone.

Hints to Teachers.

With this mere outline of a review it will be easy to round out a most interesting and helpful lesson. Facts and conclusions may be multiplied indefinitely.

Wanted a Coachman.

DIALOGUE FOR FOUR OLDER BOYS AND ONE YOUNG GIRL.

CHARACTERS

Dr. Cureall, Mary, his servant, John, Pat, and Dick.

Dr. C. (sitting reading a newspaper).—Ah! I see my advertisement is in. I hope I shall meet with a decent man this time. For I'm

getting tired of having a man who drinks. (Rings a bell.) I must tell Mary what to do while I run across to see my patient.

(Enter Mary.)

Dr. C.—I ought to have told you before this, Mary, that I have advertised in our morning paper for another coachman in place of Thomas, whom I have to discharge for getting drunk. Mind, I have told them to be here from five minutes to nine to nine, and be sure, on no account, to let no one see me who comes after the clock has struck nine. I must have a punctual man.

Mary.—I will be sure to attend to your wishes, sir; and I hope this time you will be able to get a steady one to suit you.

Dr. C.—I intend to try my best to do so, and hope that I shall be able to meet with the right man. (Going out.) I shan't be long, Mary. If any one calls, tell them I have just run across the road on business.

(Exit.)

Mary.—And I hope you will succeed, for I'm sick and tired of having a tippling coachman about the place. My word, if I had my will I'd make a law compelling all of them to be abstainers; for its certain they can never be too sober to drive such splendid horses like the doctor keeps. But I'll just put this room a bit straight (begins to arrange chairs, etc.) so that we may get the thing over as soon as possible. (A knock is heard.) Ah! there's number one, I suppose.

(Goes to door.)

John.—Is this Dr. Cureall's?

Mary.—Yes.

John.—Then, please, I've called about that coachman's place that's advertised in today's paper.

Mary.—Then, walk in; he will be here in a few minutes. You can sit down a minute.

John (taking a seat).—I'm the first on the ground, I suppose?

Mary.—Yes, it appears so. (A knock is heard.) But not much before somebody else, I fancy. (Goes to the door.) This is number two.

Pat.—Sure, my honey, is this Dr. Cureall's?

Mary.—Yes, what's your business?

Pat.—Business, indeed, and isn't it to have the honor of drivin' your master's blessed self every day wherever he might want to go?

Mary.—Then you had better come in and sit down, and not make yourself quite so free with your betters, or perhaps you will get into trouble.

(Enter Pat.)

Pat (to John).—And are you in search of the coachman's place, too?

John.—Yes, and with a good character, which will beat you any day, I know.

Pat.—Character! And a mighty fine character a man wants to drive horses. What's that got to do with handling a whip, and pulling the bits of leather tight at the proper time?

John.—We shall see, I expect, when the master comes. (A knock is heard. Mary goes to the door.)

Dick.—Please, miss, is this Dr. Cureall's?

Mary.—Yes, will you walk in. (Aside.) What a well-behaved and nice-spoken young man! He called me miss; now that's what I call manners!

Dick.—Will the doctor be long before he is in? If so I will call again.

Mary.—No; I expect him the moment the clock strikes nine. He's a very punctual man, and likes to have punctual people about him also.

Pat.—Punctual, is it? Then I'm sure soon to get into hot water for being unpunctual if he engages me for I'm always getting behind.

John.—I hate a man for being so particular. What difference can a few minutes make?

(A clock strikes nine.)

Mary.—There, time's up. No more will be allowed to come in, whoever it is; that's my orders.

(Enter Dr. Cureall.)

Dr. C.—Oh! I see I've plenty of choice this time. But before I start my inquiries will you let me say that I only want one coachman, so I cannot hold out any hope to two of you.

Pat.—Shure, your honor, you'll take pity on me. I'll do anything to deserve your respect and merit your confidence in me in everything.

John.—And so will I, sir, if you will only give me the chance. You may rely upon me, at any moment to be at the door when wanted.

Dick.—I've two things to call your attention to, sir, which I will promise to provide to the best of my powers. They are ability and sobriety.

Dr. C.—It appears that you have all promised some good qualities, but it strikes me that if I am to act fairly to each of you, I ought to give you all an equal chance of getting the place.

Pat.—That's fair, your honor.

John.—Certainly; we can't object to that.

Dick.—I shouldn't wish to object to such a reasonable proposal.

Dr. C.—Well, supposing your characters are all equally good—and I will take that for granted to save time—let me ask you (looking at John): suppose you had to drive me once a week from here to (name a town a few miles off), and we had to go down that steep hill, on the side of which there is a very deep stone-quarry, out of which they have taken all the stone, how near do you think you could drive the coach to the edge of that quarry without running the risk of driving over, and so smashing the coach, killing the horses, and perhaps killing yourself and me, too. Mind you, I say how near could you go, for I have to go that road every week, and, therefore, I must have a very plain answer.

John.—Oh! I could manage it within a foot, sir, I've been used to dashing away.

Dr. C.—And how near do you think you could manage it? (looking at Pat.)

Pat.—Shure, your honor, I could do it nearer than that, especially if I had a drop of the crather to start with. I could do it within an inch. I am noted for being clever at cutting it fine.

Dr. C.—And how near could you manage to go? (looking at Dick.)

Dick.—Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I should never try to see how near I could get to the edge, but I should make it a rule to see how far I could keep away; for if I did so I should be sure of not running the risk of tipping any of us over at any time.

Dr. C.—You are the coachman for me, Dick, for the man who never runs needlessly into danger is more likely, if overtaken by a special temptation, to be equally able to face it with a prospect of overcoming it. I have no confidence in the man who cuts it so fine, or can go within a foot. Keep as far away from risk as you can is my motto, and then you will be free from danger.

Pat.—Then you won't engage me?

Dr. C.—Not at any price; you might cut it too fine, and land me in the quarry.

John.—Nor me?

Dr. C.—No; you might dash over the edge and smash us all to pieces.

Dick.—Then I may take it for granted that I am the successful man?

Dr. C.—Just so; because I also hear you say that you had ability and sobriety; and, besides, you would keep as far away from the edge as possible. If you do this it will be next to impossible for us to be in danger of going over the edge of that quarry, however quick you may have to drive, or spirited the horses may be. You are the coachman for me.

(Pat and John retire, gesticulating, first, and then all exeunt.)

—National Temperance Society Leaflet.

A Young Slave.

What do you think of a boy less than fourteen years old who is so firmly bound by a bad habit that he cannot give it up? Is he not to be pitied? We fear there are many in his condition, bound to such a little mean thing as a cigarette. The boy we have in mind when asked to sign an anti-tobacco pledge said he had tried to give up using cigarettes because he knew they were killing him but he could not break the habit. Said he: 'I stood it for three weeks, but I almost died, and so I gave up trying.'

Boys, we beg of you, don't touch a cigarette or tobacco of any kind.

Protection.

Protection for what?—For copper and steel; Protection for wool, for beef and for veal; Protection for yarn, for dry-goods and toys; Protection for mules, but none for the boys.

Protection for tin, for hairpins and wax; Protection for iron, for toothpicks and tacks; Protection for gum, for brushes and combs; Protection for lace, but none for the homes. —Southern Temperance Magazine.



LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 11.

Sinful Indulgence.

Amos vi., 1-8. Memory verses 3-6. Read the whole book.

Golden Text.

'They also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way.' Isa. xxviii., 7.

Daily Readings.

M. Amos vi., 1-14.—Sinful indulgence.
T. Isa. v., 8-25.—Woes upon sinful indulgence.
W. Isa. xxviii., 1-17. — 'Out of the way through strong drink.'
T. Prov. xx., 1-17.—'Wine is a mocker.'
F. Luke vi., 17-26.—Woes upon those who are at ease.
S. I. Thess. v., 1-28.—'Let us watch and be sober.'
S. Eph. v., 1-21.—'Be not ye . . . partakers with them.'

Lesson Story.

After the death of Elijah, the man of God the people increased in worldly prosperity but greatly declined in morality.

The three conquests which had been promised over the Syrians had been gained, and the kingdom of Israel had been greatly enlarged. The wealthy people had become more wealthy, from their wars and conquests, but the poor were ground down and oppressed. Vice followed hard in the steps of luxury, and the whole kingdom was full of corruption.

Suddenly, into the midst of this, Amos, the prophet, launches his warnings, and foretellings, of the wrath of God. Unrepentant sinners must be punished. Those who dwell in fancied security must be warned that there was no safety except in repentance and righteousness. Those who idly imagined that because they had no fear no punishment would overtake them, must be warned that the Lord God means exactly what he says, and that he will punish iniquity whether sinners believe he will or not. Those who spend their time in revelling and drinking must be made to understand that the wrath of God will come speedily upon them and consume them with their iniquities.

Lesson Hints.

'Amos'—a native of Tekoa, a village six miles south of Bethlehem. Amos was not an educated man, but a poor farmer taught by God as were the disciples.

'Zion'—Jerusalem, the capital of Judah.

'Samaria'—the capital of Israel.

'Calneh'—a city across the Euphrates.

'Hamath'—a Syrian city.

'Gath'—a Philistine city.

'Put far away the evil day'—in their own thoughts and expectations, leading others to disbelieve that that day is coming.

'Stretch themselves'—a symbol of laziness.

'Eat the lambs'—all this is a picture of the vicious luxury of the day.

'Drink wine in bowls'—large vessels, making themselves drunk.

'Not grieved'—selfish, no thought for any one else, so long as they gratified their own lusts and evil desires.

'Shall go captive'—both Judah and Israel were carried away captive some years later because of their disobedience to God.

Drinking brings in its train many other vices. It is the moderate drinkers who make the drunkards. One man who can drink in moderation will lead a hundred other men to ruin by his example. Very few would begin drinking if they saw and believed what it would lead to. Those who truly love God will have nothing to do with the accursed stuff and will do all in their power to save others from it.

Questions.

1. Give four texts to show that we should not take wine or strong drink.
2. Why were the people of Israel not happy with all their wealth?
3. What punishment was God about to bring upon them?

Suggested Hymns.

'Yield not to temptation,' 'Have courage, my boy, to say No,' 'Why do you wait, dear brother?' 'Stand up for Jesus,' 'He is able to deliver you,' 'Jesus saves.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

A flowery bed of ease is not the resting-place of a true soldier of the cross. Verse 1. The mightiest nations of to-day are those in which the gospel is preached and practised. Verse 2.

Selfishness is the parent of many sins. Verses 3-5.

Lovers of wine are seldom active Christian workers. They who love the Church of Christ will be grieved when the wolf attacks the flock. Verse 6.

Sin is always punished, either in the person of the sinner, or in his Substitute. Verses 7, 8.

LESSON XI. ILLUSTRATED.—Sept. 11.

This is the quarterly temperance lesson, and our blackboard, in illustrating the fall of men in general through drink, also illustrates the condition of Israel before the captivity, when drunkenness hastened their fall.

We have the road of holiness running over a mighty bridge from earth to heaven, the



only connecting way. Over the walls of this road some having wandered are falling down to ruin. 'Out of the way,' for 'no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.' It is bad enough to have them fall alone, as in our illustration, but in real life they nearly always drag some one or more down with them.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Sept. 11.—Self-indulgence, or self-denial? —I. Cor. ix., 24-27; Gal. v., 16-24.

A Hopeless Case.

A teacher in a Sunday mission-school at the West End of Boston had a boy in her class who seemed to be proof against every good influence. It was a wonder that she secured his attendance for any length of time; but by her tact and kindness she held her other pupils, and he came apparently for company's sake, and for the fun and mischief he could stir up among the other scholars.

He gave no signs that her teaching had touched his moral nature—or, in fact, that he had any moral nature. He grew apparently more unprincipled as he grew older, until all she had done for him seemed wasted pains; but she continued to treat him kindly, and never forgot him in her prayers.

One day she heard of his arrest for complicity in a recent burglary. She did what she could to secure him legal counsel in his trial, and through the two years' imprisonment which followed, occasionally visited him. He never gave any indication of penitence. His sullen, defiant temper greatly discouraged her; but her faith and love were invincible.

He disappeared after his release. All who knew him, supposed him dead or lost under a feigned name somewhere in the criminal herd of the cities.

Nearly thirty years passed. The lady went to California. In the meantime she had married. Her children were grown, and she, with her husband, was visiting friends in the Pacific States. In one city where she stayed a question of political reform was

agitating the people, pending a change in the municipal government. Her host and hostess were to entertain one of the candidates for the mayoralty. 'He is our man,' they said, 'and we hope to elect him, for he is an earnest Christian, and stands for high principle in public and in private life.'

The gentleman came, and was about to be introduced to the visitor, when, to her surprise, he spoke her name. She could not recognize him in the handsome, bearded man before her, but he was her bad boy of the Boston West End Sunday-school.

'I lived a reckless life for several years after I left Boston,' he told her, 'but I was not able to forget your great patience and kindness, nor some of the things you said to me. Under God I owe what I have to-day of true manhood to you.'

Examples of apparently utter depravity are met by every lover of his kind who gives himself to the uplifting of humanity, but it is an unsolved problem whether there really ever was a 'hopeless case.' We are told that 'genius loves difficulties,' and it is equally certain that supreme faith in Christ and in his teachings loves the hopeless cases—let the phrase mean what it may. — 'Youth's Companion.'

Patience With Our Scholars.

What shall be done with unruly scholars? Shall they be turned out of school? No; prayer and patience must be exercised. Suppose bad conduct continues for many Sundays, shall they be turned out then? No; prayer and patience, and adapting the lessons to the wayward wills, must be tried. Tell how the Saviour suffered for the worst, and that he gave his life for his murderers. Use every effort to gain them as trophies for Christ. They must not be turned out of the school till they have been put to the last test of love, patience, prayer and zeal to bring them to the knowledge of the precious Saviour. The teacher must have patience. There are as many different temperaments as there are members in a class. The apostles of the great Teacher had widely varying temperaments. God can subdue the hardest and most obdurate. What encouragement for his workers to pray that he may give greater power to move the unruly! Forgiveness should be granted 'until seventy times seven,' and patience exercised in every circumstance.

The Sunday-school teacher's work is one of the highest importance; it needs the greatest devotion and consideration. It must not be taken up indifferently and treated with coolness and half-heartedness.—'Sunday-school World.'

A Grave Responsibility.

(Grace Duffield Goodwin, in S.S. 'Times.')

Dr. Edward Judson, of New York, when lately addressing a Sunday-school convention, said, from his wide experience in the work, that he recognized the tendency to imitate in children, and he believed more in evangelical, hand-to-hand, loving, friendly converse of teacher and pupil than in evangelistic, urgent work among large numbers at a time. The reason for it lies in the nature of children, which we are only beginning to understand. A preacher of an order day once said: 'I prefer hand-picked fruit, When you shake the tree you bruise the apples.'

But there is another and more important side to this question. Destruction is far easier than upbuilding. We must not think that when we have condemned our duty is done. On the contrary, those of us who disapprove of evangelistic methods as applied to children, have taken upon ourselves by this very disapproval, a solemn responsibility. Who is to do this work which we often dread to see the evangelist attempt? Surely we ourselves are under a grave obligation to redouble our personal efforts. Every pastor or preacher who says in public or in private that he disapproves of evangelistic methods should be held far more responsible for the personal evangelical work done in his parish or in his school than the one who freely invites the evangelist to do his work for him. We have never borne down hard enough on this point. We condemn, disapprove, withhold our sympathy or presence, and then shirk the duty which we have so obviously assumed. It rests with us to disprove the need of these hurried, general, impatient methods, by offering in their stead devoted, laborious, patient zeal in bringing in the kingdom of God, 'when all shall know him, from the least to the greatest.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Reading to the Children.

In many families the good custom of reading aloud to the children is carefully observed. The mother gathers her little flock about her and a story, a poem, a sketch, is read to them.

A very important question, therefore, is what to read? Complaints come frequently from mothers, that it is exceedingly difficult to obtain reading matter within the grasp of the child's mind. Many professional writers for children have no personal experience such as would fit them for the task they would undertake. They discuss subjects outside the range of a child's interest, or they use words beyond their understanding. The question of what to read has not yet been satisfactorily answered.

But there is another question of equal importance, to which an answer may be given, viz:—How to read? This may certainly be said, that one of the evils of much of the reading aloud to children, is the habit of inattention. The children should be interested and should be encouraged to ask questions. The trouble is that the child does not listen with any concentration of mind, and the indulgence is ruinous.

If the child has listened, he has opinions about the characters. He either likes or dislikes the story. The reading will serve its purpose in the child's education if he is induced to express his opinions as fully and clearly as possible, or to write out in his own language the substance of the story or sketch. The effect of this will be seen not only in the sharpening of the mental faculties and the accumulation of information, but also in the enrichment of the child's vocabulary.

This power of understanding and interpreting literature must be awakened in youth, or the chances are that it will never come to its full exercise. It is indeed one of the most important elements in education. How frightfully it is neglected is plain to those who have to do with students. Very few of those who enter the higher grade schools, indeed very few university graduates, are truly educated. Their knowledge of their own language is meagre; their vocabulary is no larger than a day laborer's; their sensibilities are dull. The fact is they have never learned to feel. They may have read many books, but only in a half-blind way, and the reading has profited them little. The real value of literature is in the quickening and the education of feeling. The sensibilities must be educated or all the passing of examinations is vain. It is this that makes the reading matter of children so important, and because of this the habit of attention is of vital concern.

The time to begin this real education is during early childhood, the school is in the home, and the mother is the teacher. No one else, no one with less love, should be allowed near. Let mothers appreciate the importance of their opportunities and not even the mechanical methods of the school-room can entirely destroy the child's love of literature. And the love of literature will purify the feelings, elevate the thoughts, and fortify the child against the love of the world.—'The Westminster.'

'Mother's Turn.'

'It is mother's turn to be taken care of now,' said a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh color, and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture, which is an added attraction to a bright young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers, remarks the writer from whom we quote, in the love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty and charming things, and say nothing about it; and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jeannie gets the new dress, and the mother wears the old one, turned upside down and inside out. Lucy goes to the country for holidays, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study, and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such an indulgence.

Dear girls, take good care of your mo-

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thers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties which for years they have patiently borne.—'Forward.'

Selected Recipes.

SOUP WITHOUT MEAT.

Put one tablespoonful of butter into a sauce-pan, and when it is hot, add three large onions, minced fine; stir well until they are a nice brown, add a half-cupful of flour and stir until that is brown also; pour in one pint of boiling water, season with salt and pepper and let it boil five minutes, stirring all the time. Just before serving add one pint of boiling milk and three potatoes finely mashed.

RICE FLOUR MUFFINS.

Beat one egg, without separating until light; add to it one and a half-cups of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, melted, half a teaspoonful of salt, one cup of rice flour, half a cup of wheat flour. Beat thoroughly. Add a teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in gem pans in a quick oven.

LUNCH DISH.

Cut cold mutton into slices about a quarter of an inch thick. Beat one egg, add to it two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup; dip each slice in this, then in bread crumbs and fry in hot fat. Serve hot with stewed potatoes.

HONEY CAKE.

Take the following: One half cupful of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of honey, one pint of flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, two eggs, one teaspoonful of caraway seeds. Mix the honey with the sugar, add the butter, melted, the eggs slightly beaten, the flour sifted with the powder and the seeds. Mix into a batter of the consistency of sponge cake, and bake in a fairly hot oven thirty-five minutes.

APPLE MERINGUE.

Spice and sweeten apple sauce, beat in two or three eggs. Pour into pudding-dish, bake quickly. When well crusted over cover with meringue, made by whipping whites of three eggs, with a little sugar. Shut oven door and tinge slightly.

HONEY CANDY.

One pint of white sugar, water enough to dissolve it, and four tablespoonfuls of honey. Boil until it becomes brittle on being dropped into cold water. Pull when cooling.

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